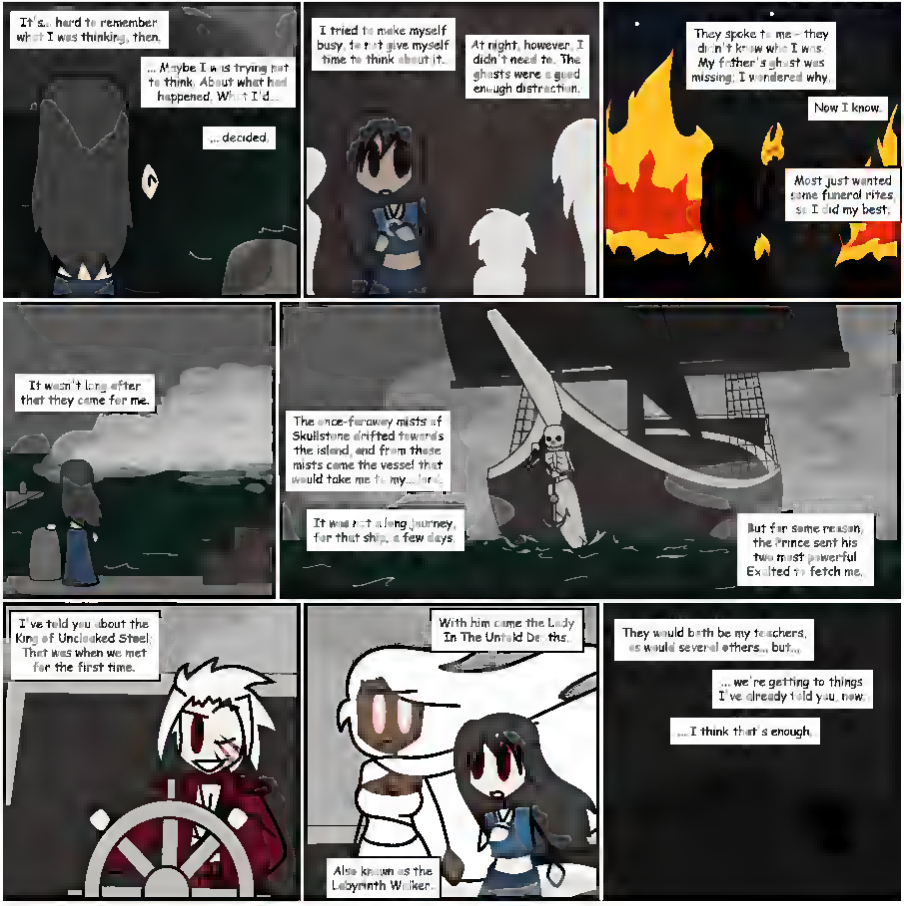
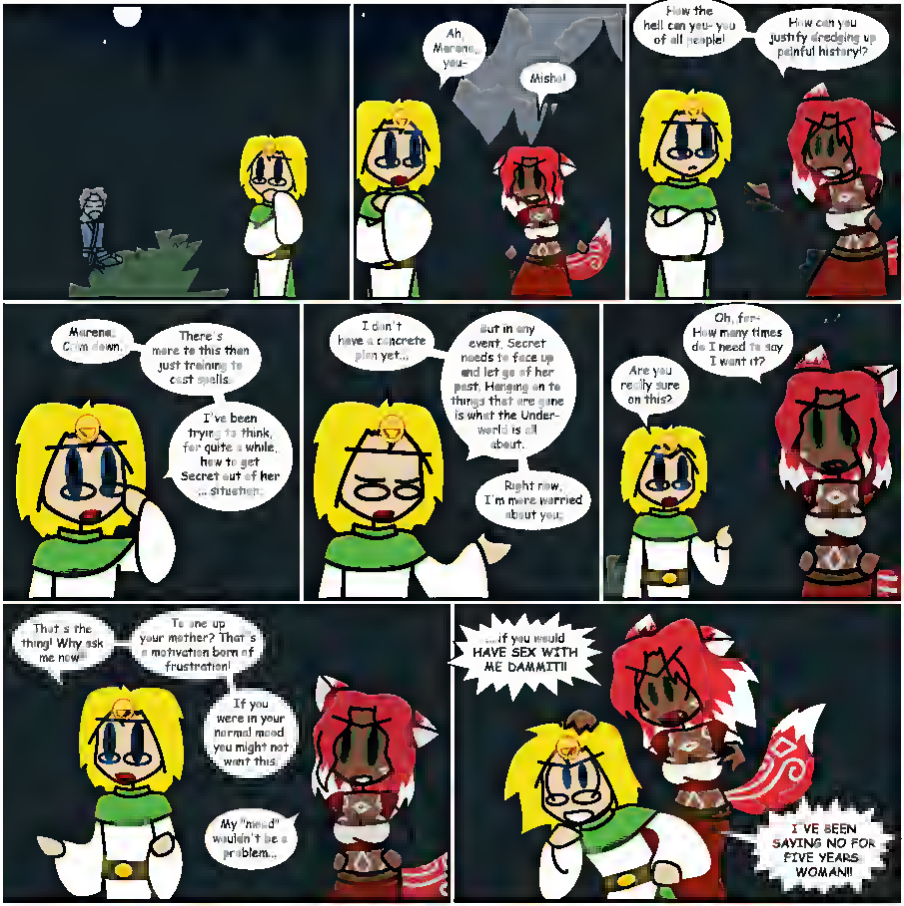
Keychain of Creation #301

by Padraig O Ruanai



Keychain of Creation #302

by Padraig O Ruanai



Keychain of Creation #303

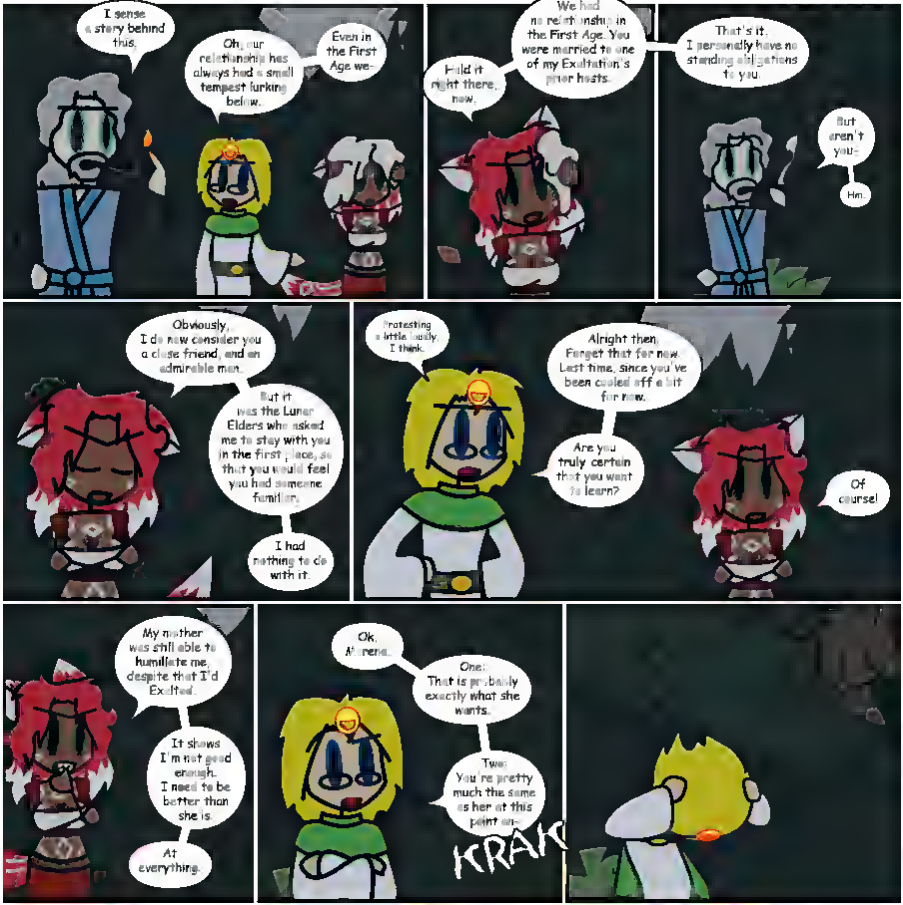
by Padraig O Ruanai

Keychain of Creation #304

by Padraig O Ruanai

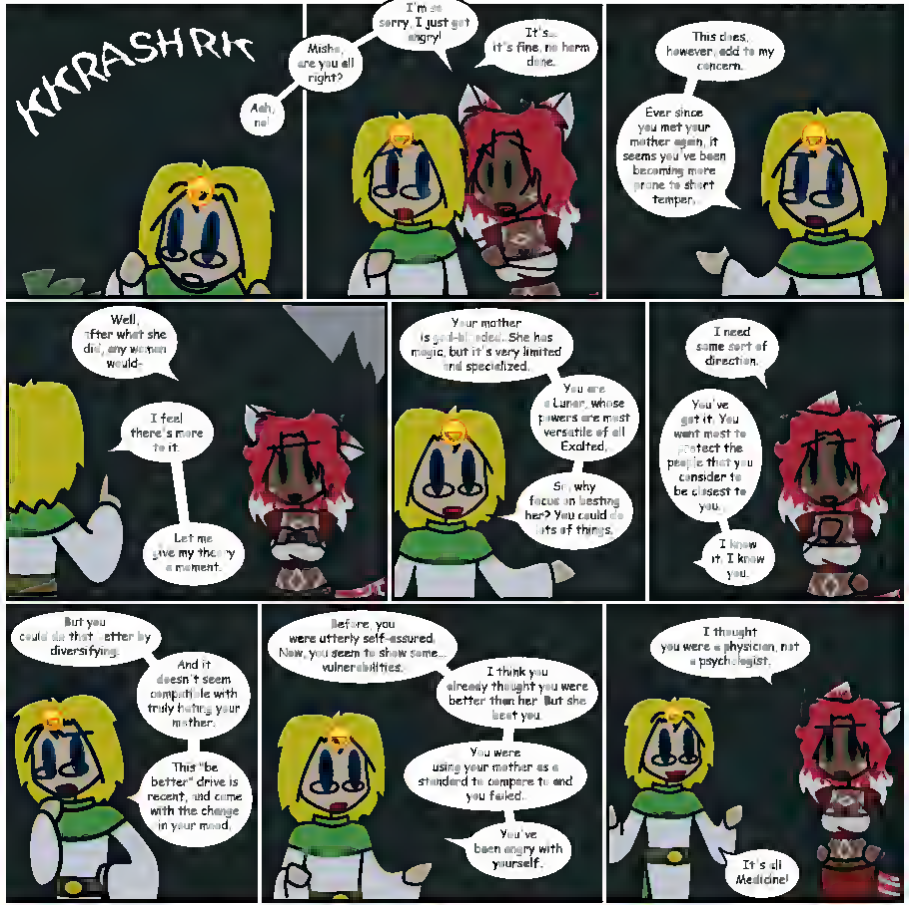
Keychain of Creation #305

by Padraig O Ruanai



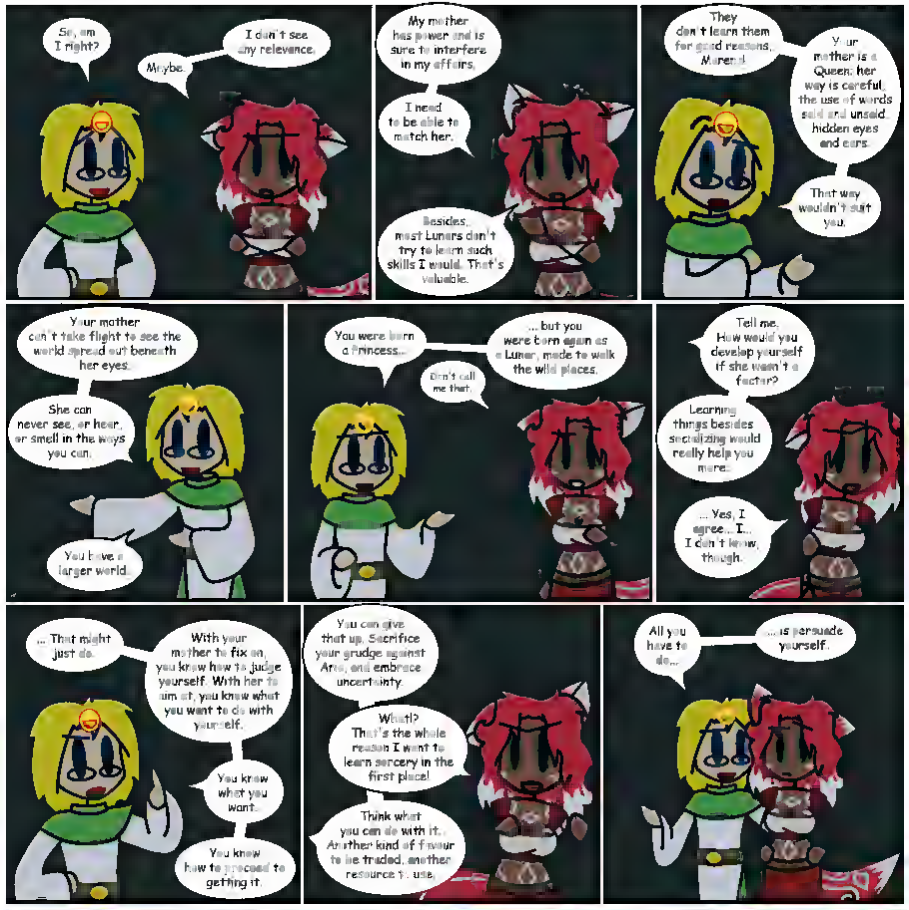
Keychain of Creation #306

by Padraig O Ruanai



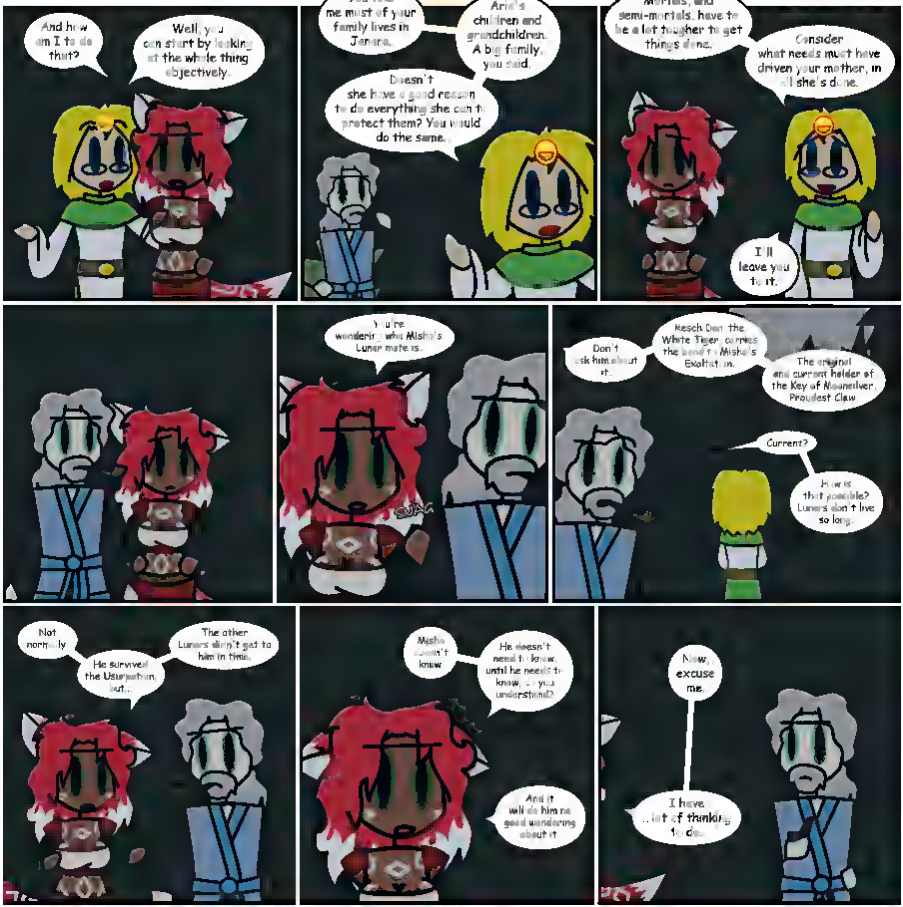
Keychain of Creation #307

by Padraig O Ruanai



Keychain of Creation #308

by Padraig O Ruanai



Keychain of Creation #309

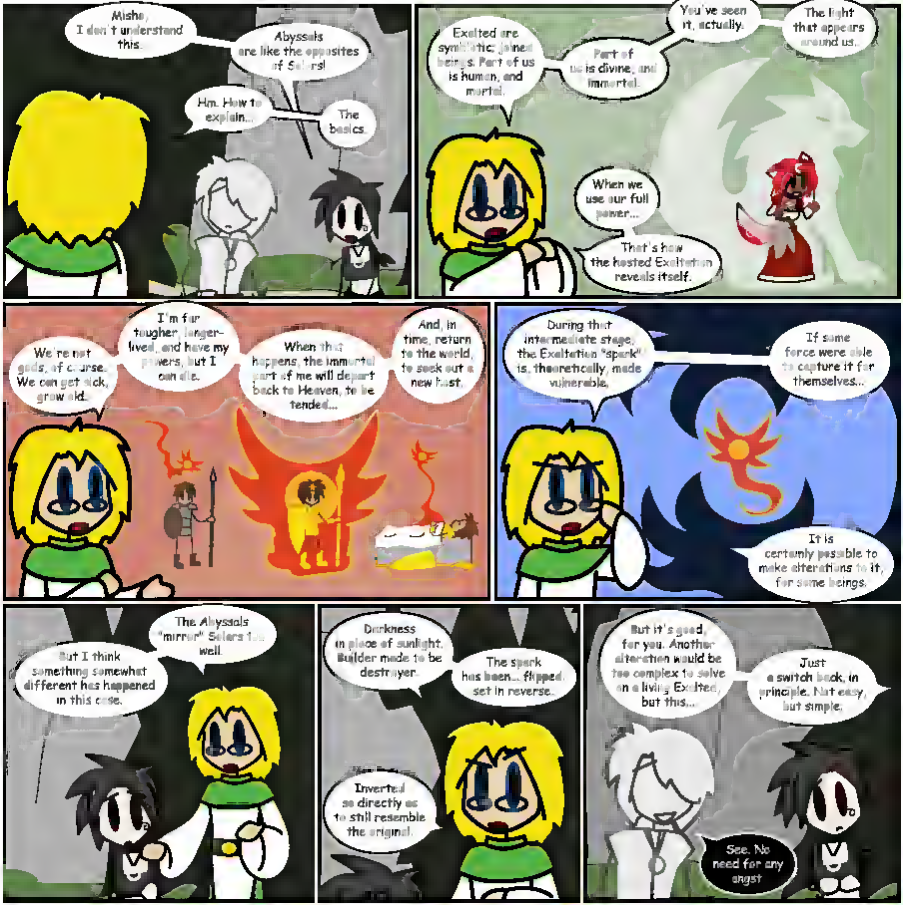
by Padraig O Ruanai

Keychain of Creation #310

by Padraig O Ruanai

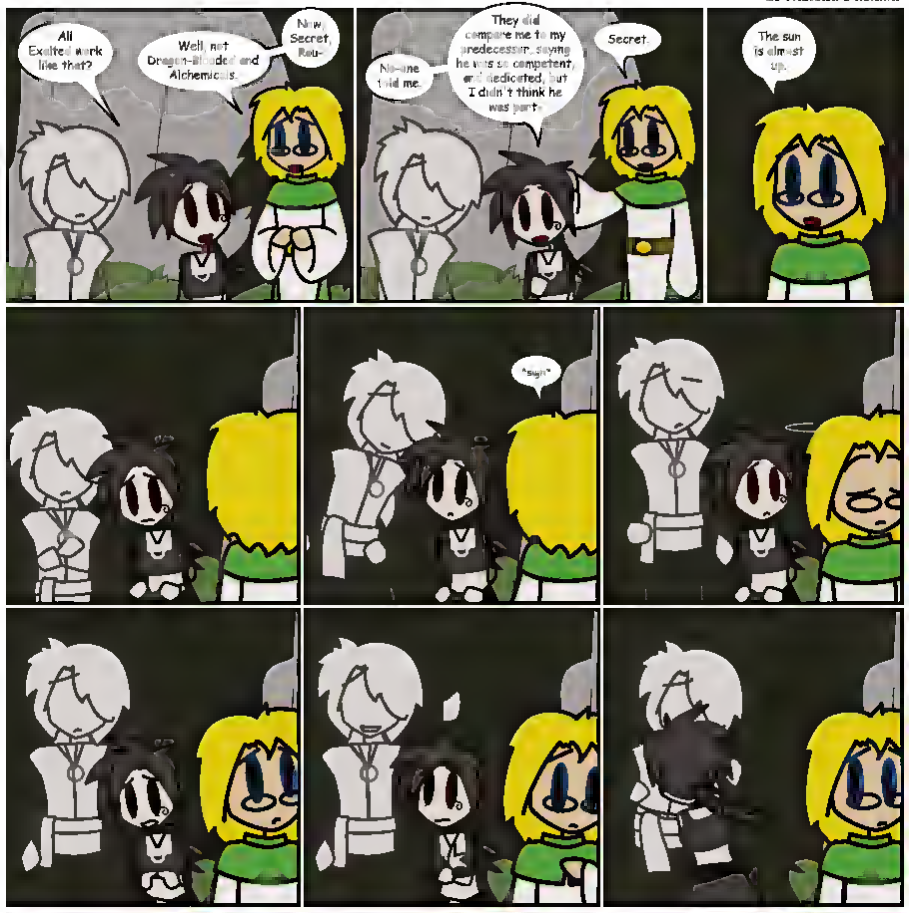
Keychain of Creation #311

by Padraig O Ruanai



Keychain of Creation #312

by Padraig O Ruanai



I...
Listen It's not your fault
I helped you run and running became the way you solved all of your problems
I hid you away and hiding became how you lived your life
I should have done better
But you can be better than what I made you.
You can do more than these things.
Be more.
I know you and what you have in you. You can be strong.
You can free yourself and you will I'm sure.
Now I know that I don't have to worry about you. You can take care of yourself
Just be brave and you will. All you have to do is remember what it is you want
Be brave
My daughter
Dermelle.
Hey I'm ready to go
Come here, then. I have something to tell you.

Keychain of Creation #314

by Padraig Ó Ruanaí

Keychain of Creation #315

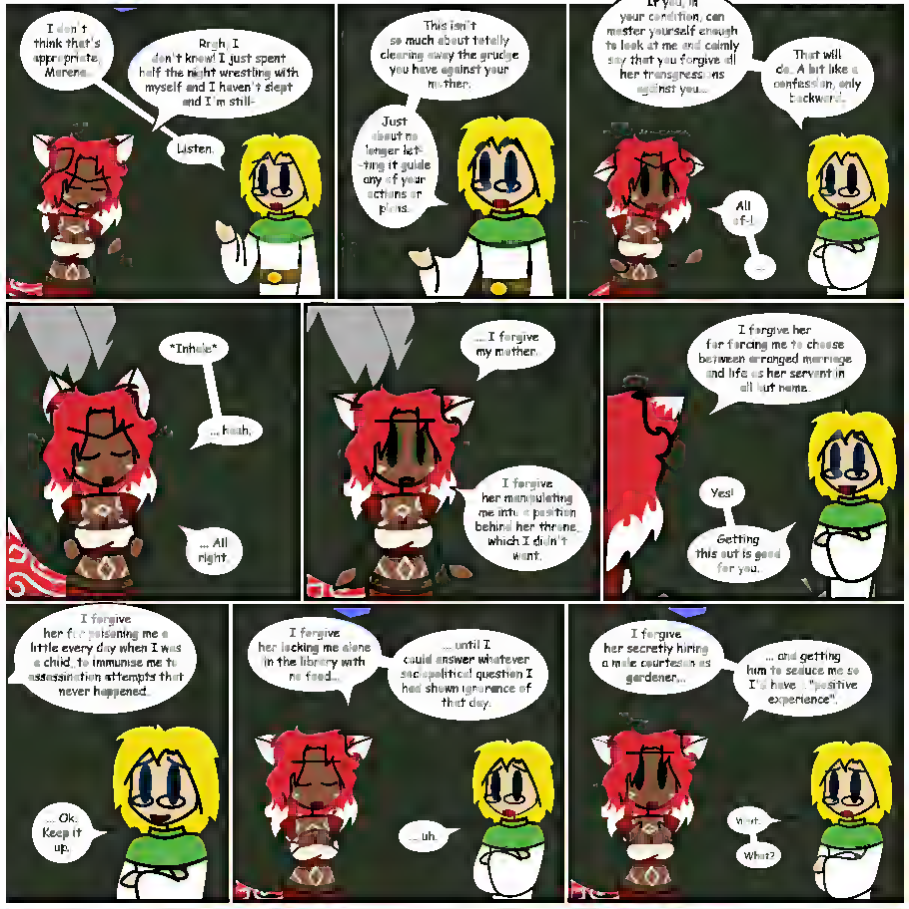
by Padraig O Ruanai

Keychain of Creation #316

by Padraig O Ruanai

Keychain of Creation #317

by Padraig O Ruanai



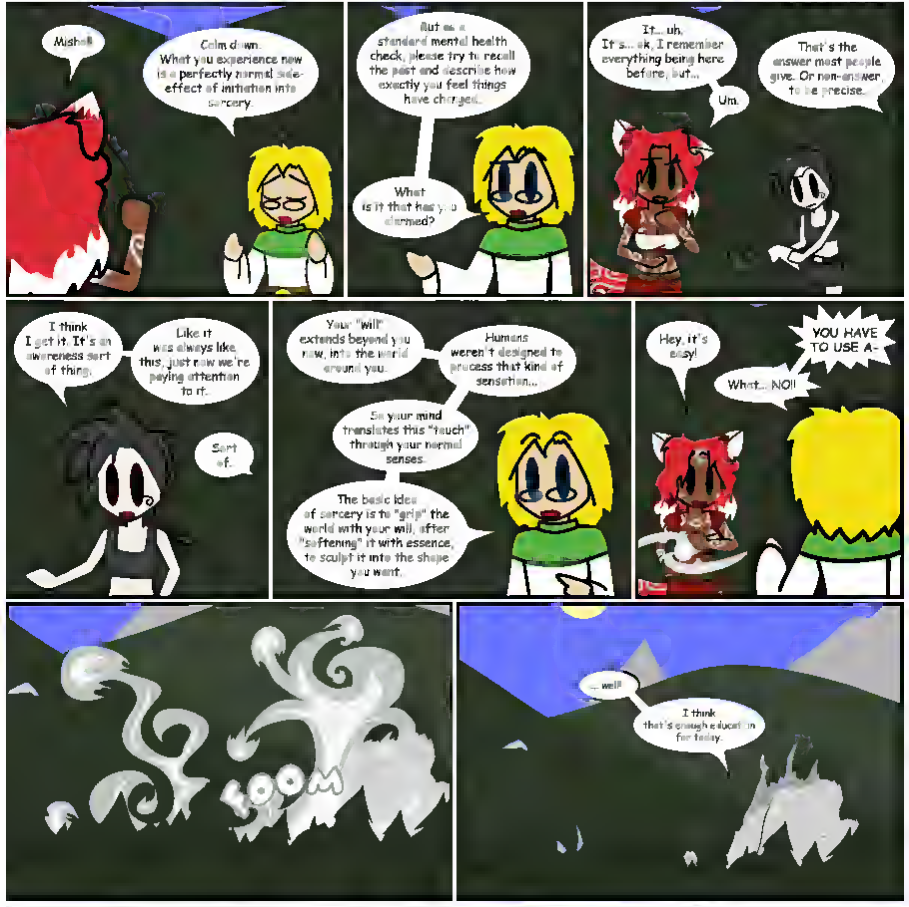
Keychain of Creation #318

by Padraig O Ruanai

krak
There. Now, the last step.
Sit down, please. Both of you.
Close your eyes.
Focus your will
You can touch the world with nothing but your own will
You cannot do anything yet
But feel it. The texture of reality. The shape of existence. Remember it.
Now... open your eyes
AAAAAAHH!!!
AAAAAAAAHH!!!
AAAAAAH!!
AAAAAHH!!!
"Change how you perceive reality itself."
I seem to remember saying that, Ten.
You did, Misha.

Keychain of Creation #320

by Padraig O Ruanai



KoC #321 Filler

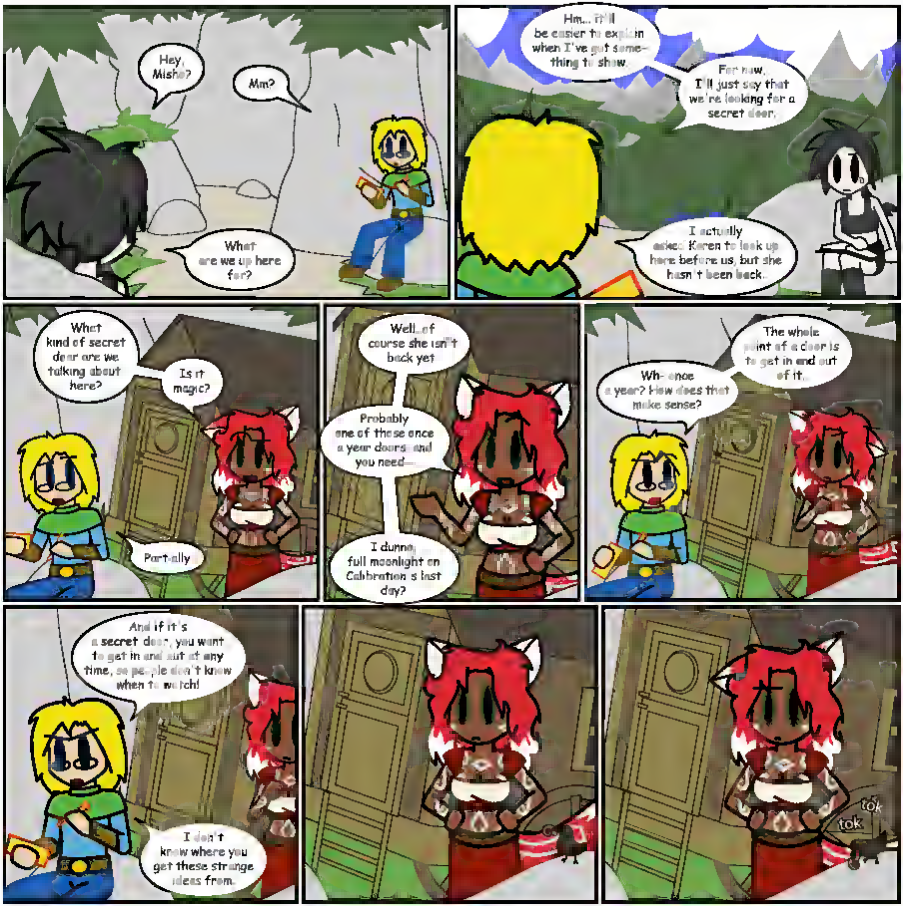
BY PADRAIG O RUANAI

KoC #322 Filler

by Padraig O Ruanai

Keychain of Creation #323

by Padraig O Ruanai



Keychain of Creation #324

by Padraig O Ruanai

Keychain of Creation #325

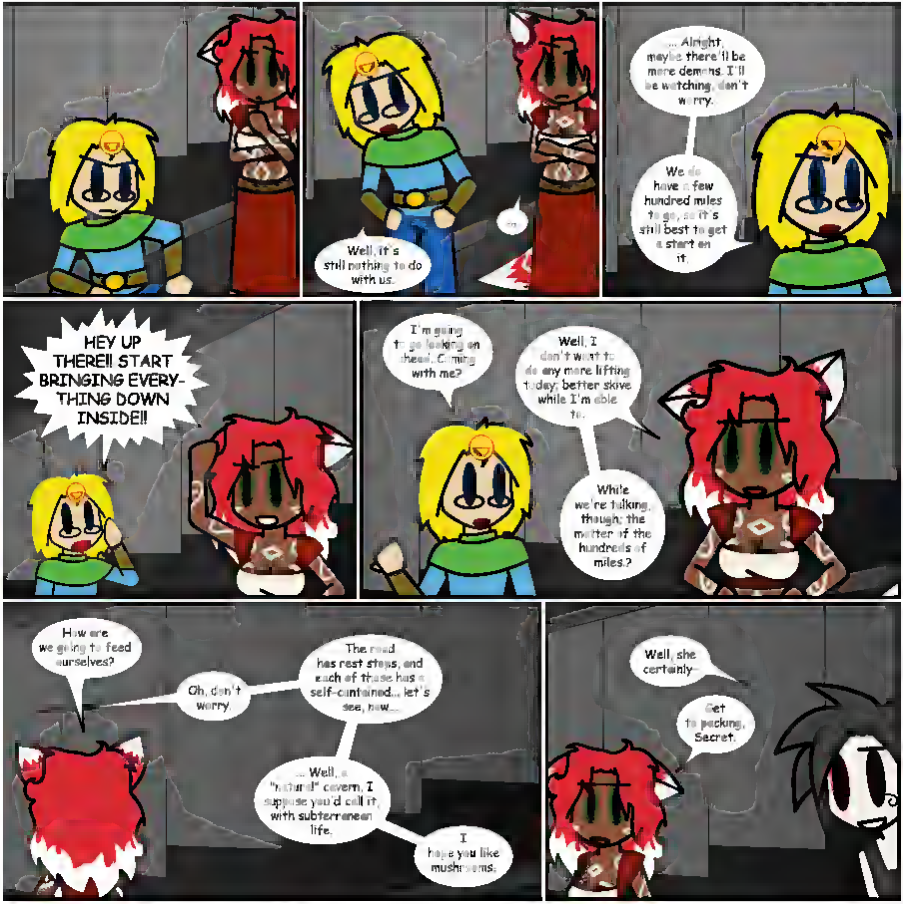
by Padraig O Ruanai

Keychain of Creation #326

by Padraig O Ruanai

Keychain of Creation #327

by Padraig O Ruanai



What are these, Misha?
Mostly, they're images of the primordials, as they were before the war.
The gods felt it important we be reminded who we were fighting...
Thought we would feel a bit more confidence if we knew the nature of our foes.
Who's that?
That would be Adrian, the River of All Torments.
The gods weren't... used to humans, at that point

Keychain of Creation #329

by Padraig O Ruanai

Keychain of Creation #330

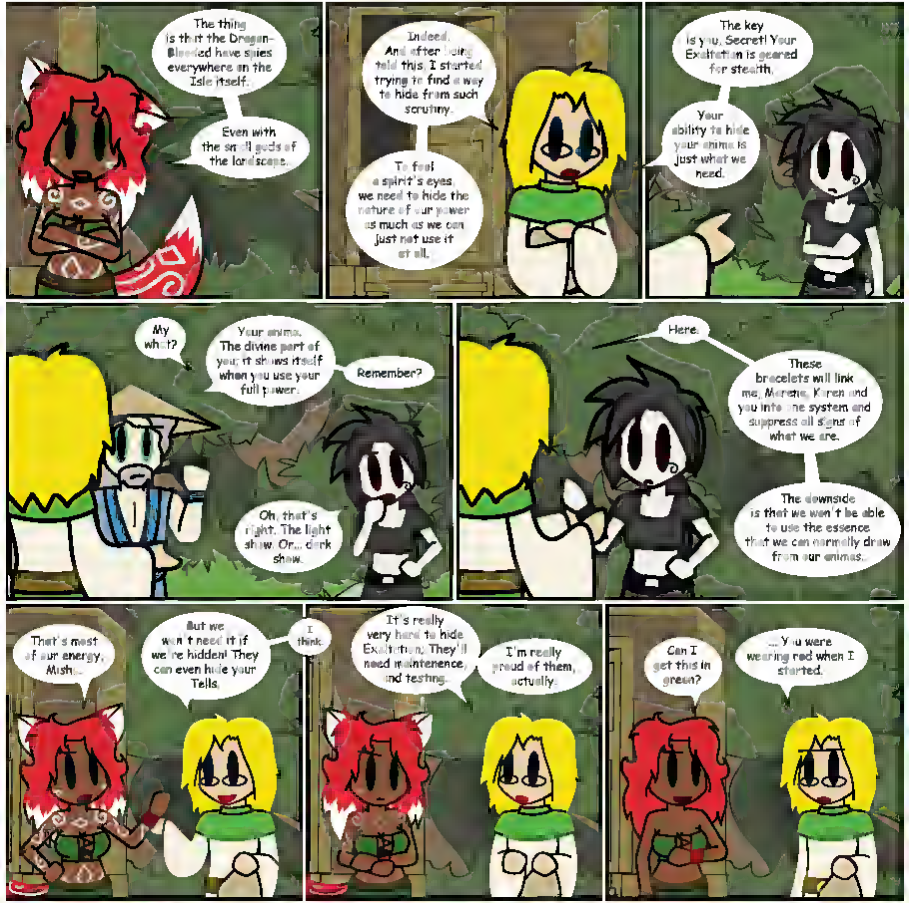
by Padraig O Ruanai

Keychain of Creation #331

by Padraig O Ruanai

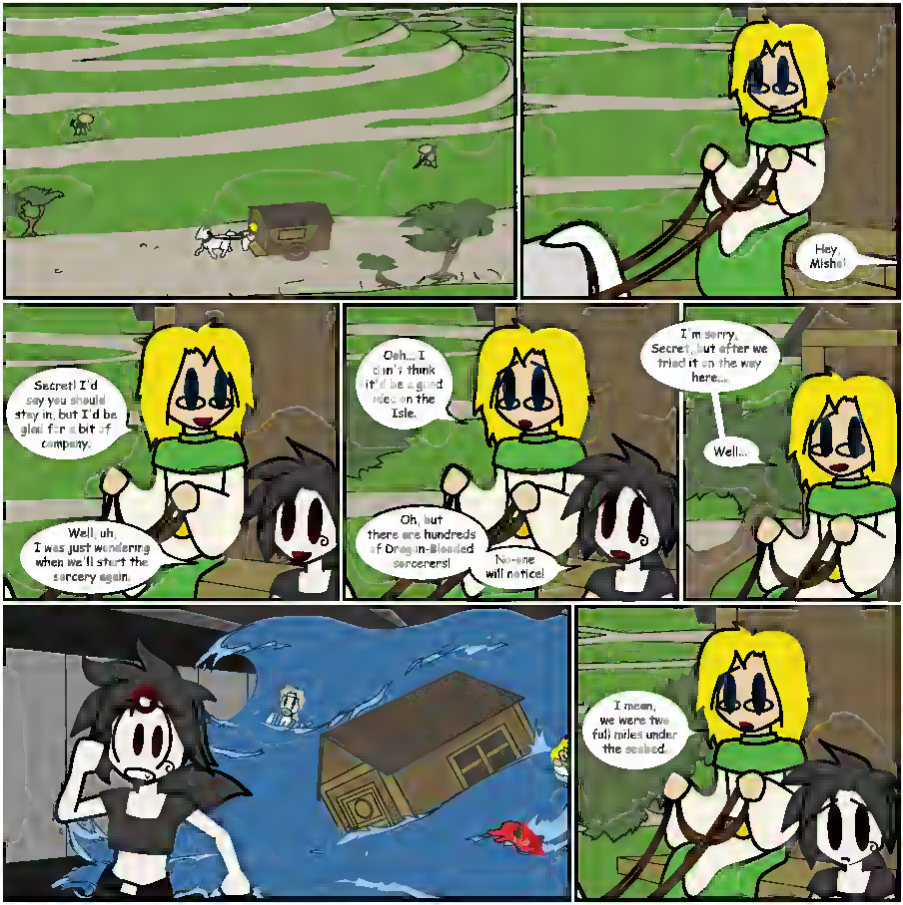
Keychain of Creation #332

by Padraig O Ruanai



Keychain of Creation #333

by Padraig O Ruanai



Keychain of Creation #334

by Padraig O Ruanaí

Keychain of Creation #335

by Padraig O Ruanai

Before the Scarlet Empress saved the world and birthed her Realm; before the Great Contagion brought its ninefold decimation, and let the hungry Fair Folk rage and war across Creation; before the Dragon-Blooded struggled through their world of lords and battle, and before the Chosen of the Sun were lost to treachery and blood; great towers rose from roots deep in the earth to pierce the highest clouds and watched over a world of peace and plenty, of knowledge, of wonder, of glory, and of vice. That was the First Age of Man, wrested from the broken fingers of the primordials and forged over a thousand years into the Old Realm, where the heroes of the Sun ruled as kings.

And one of these kings was called Misho, and he was named Thrice-Radiant. To his peers, this was for his sorcery, for his memory, and for his swordsmanship. To the common people, it was for his insight, his charisma, and his compassion. And all these things, he had.

And yet he was troubled.

When time had come for him to master the third and utmost level of sorcery, Misho had thought long to himself over what thing he possessed that would be precious enough to sacrifice, for the powers of that circle demanded a greater loss than any other. He had gone, then, to his advisors and his friends, the Chosen of the Stars, and asked them for their counsel. And they said to him: We know what you could give.

They took him through the secret doors, and past the great gods of lion's shape that guarded them, and brought him into heaven. They took him by the roads they used, into the Loom of Fate, where destiny was written. He looked out into that web, and saw the nature of the world; the thousand, million, uncountable parts of it, both great and small; that all were seperate, and all were one. And he knew, truly knew, for the first time, how everything was connected. And he, of perfect memory, would never be able to forget.

So Misho sacrificed his ignorance.

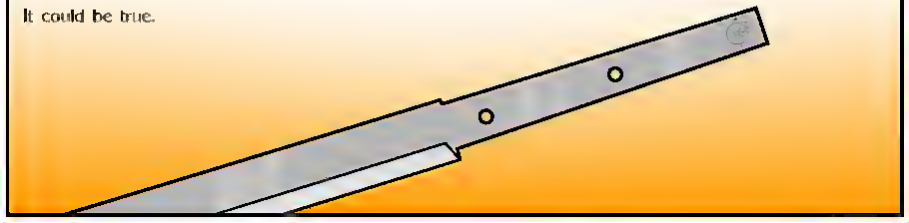
From that day forward, the Thrice-Radiant Sun-King was driven like no other. In every waking moment he laboured, for he knew that with his vast power even the merest sliver of time wasted could have been spent to spare the world of suffering. He calculated the use of his own life to the barest second, and his closest friends and loved ones were forsaken for the sake of his obsession, though he did not truly realize it. They faded from his life, and died, as lesser beings must. And one day, as the world came closer to perfection under the light of the Solar lords, Misho was able to look up, and discovered all his loss.

Now Misho fell into his curse. The faces of the past and of the future swarmed his mind, two warring factions of guilt and sorrow and pity that struggled for his heart, ghosts born not from death and longing but from the shadows of his memory did clutch about his thoughts. Remembering so much that was gone, Misho faced at last against the frozen burning truth of Death, and he abhored it. Why should fair things pass? Why should beloved faces by stolen by uncaring time? So Misho Thrice-Radiant, faced down onto that road that led, perhaps, to the ever-sought-for goal of immortality, not for himself, but for all those things he cared for.

He scorned the poison twisted words of demons mad and fair; the whispers of the underworld found no purchase in his ears. He studied the eternity of gods and nature spirits; he delved into the earth, to find the secrets of its endurance. Deep beneath the mountains, in the caves below the world, he found at last a dragon queen who told him that she knew the secrets he had sought.

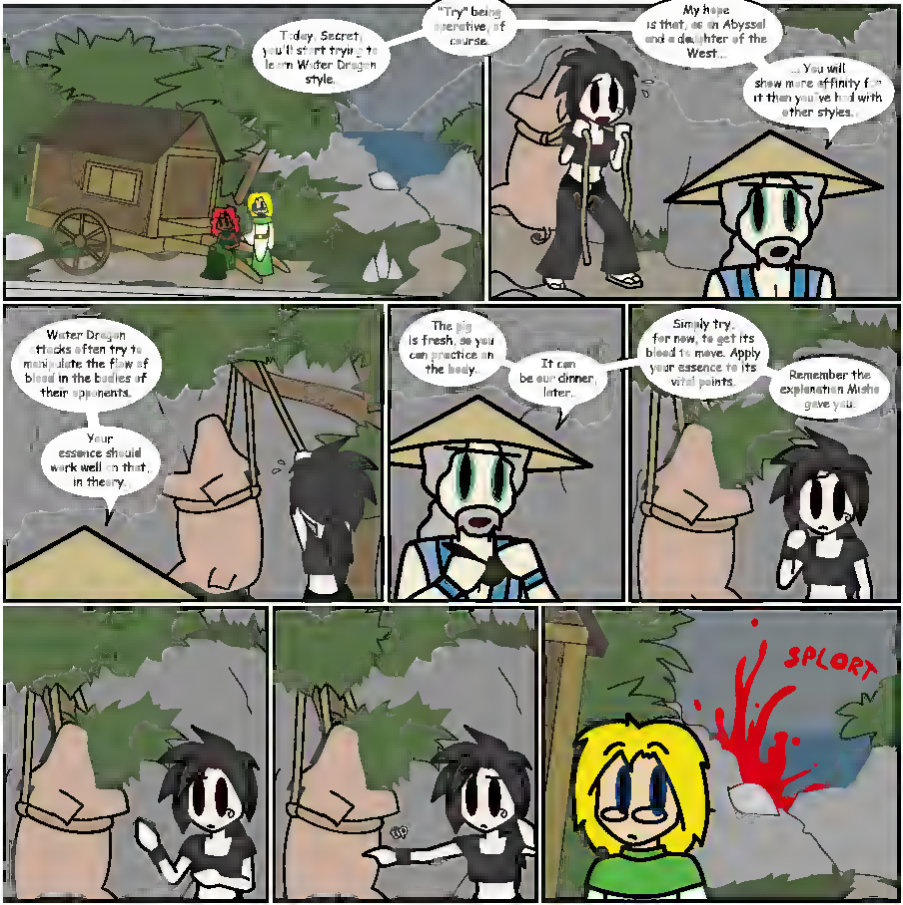
She lied, of course, for secret reasons of her own, but Misho knew what he was missing, and she found that it was her. He tore out half his soul that day, the heart of all his power; and for her treachery the dragon queen was bound beside it, forged and trapped within a simple sword. Having given of his life, Misho laboured on, on purest will, to clean and quench and polish the blade and mark it with its signature. And so he died, at last, alone; with one last work, a weapon of compassion, giving life. Whosoever wields it lives forever, proof against time's flow; and no thing born of death has power over them. So the legend says.

It could be true.



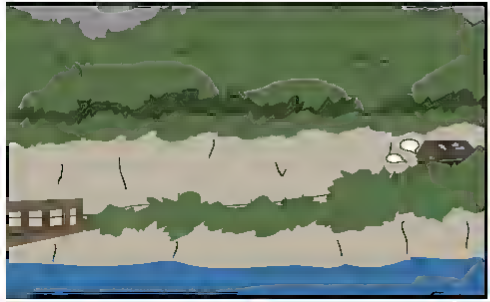
Keychain of Creation #336

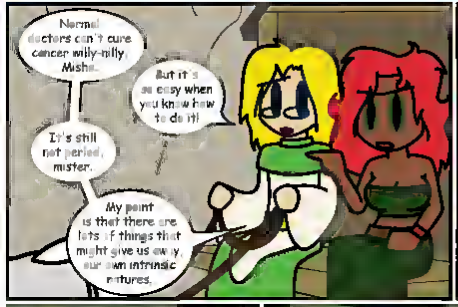
by Padraig O Ruanai



Keychain of Creation #337

by Padraig O Ruanai





Keychain of Creation #338

by Padraig O Ruanai

Keychain of Creation #339

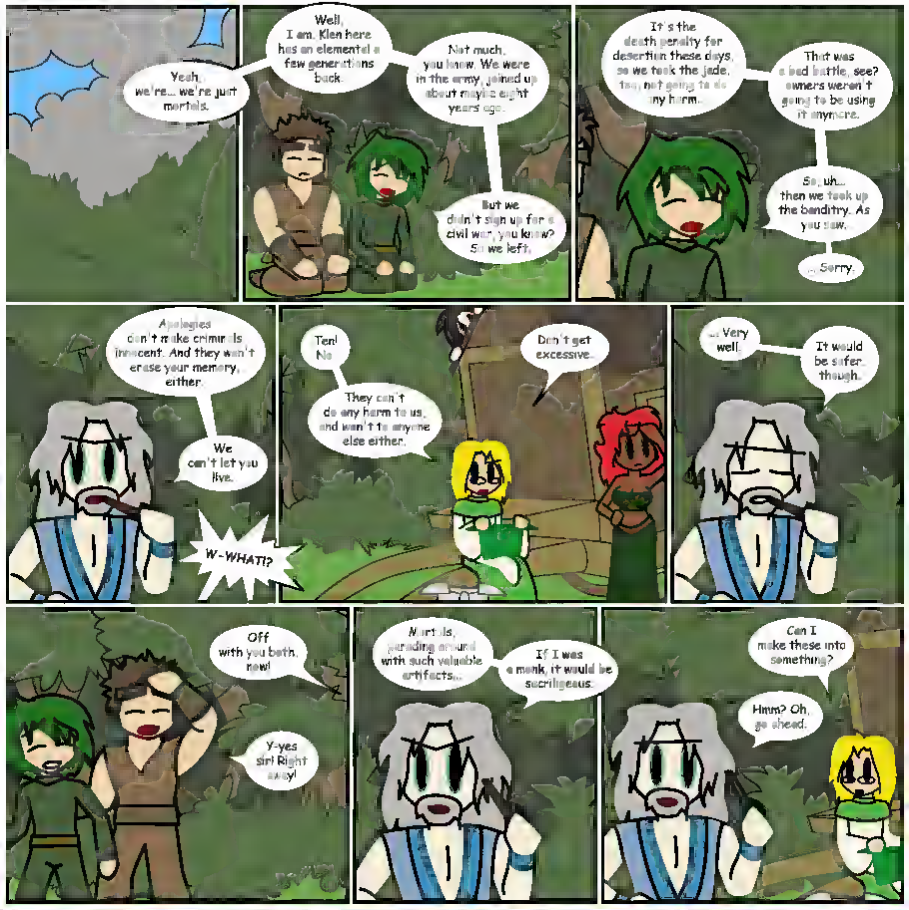
by Padraig O Ruanai

Keychain of Creation #340

by Padraig O Ruanai

Keychain of Creation #341

by Padraig O Ruanai



Keychain of Creation #342

by Padraig O Ruanai

Keychain of Creation #343

by Padraig O Ruanai

KOC #344 - Halloween 2010

BY PADRAIG O RUANAI

Keychain of Creation #345

by Padraig Ó Ruanaí

Keychain of Creation #346

by Padraig O Ruanai

Keychain of Creation #347

by Padraig O Ruanai

BY PADRAIG Ó RUANAI

TOSS!
KRAK-
ZAP!!
catch!
FLING!!
FOOSH!!

Keychain of Creation #350

by Padraig O Ruanai

Keychain of Creation #351

by Padraig O Ruanai

Keychain of Creation #352

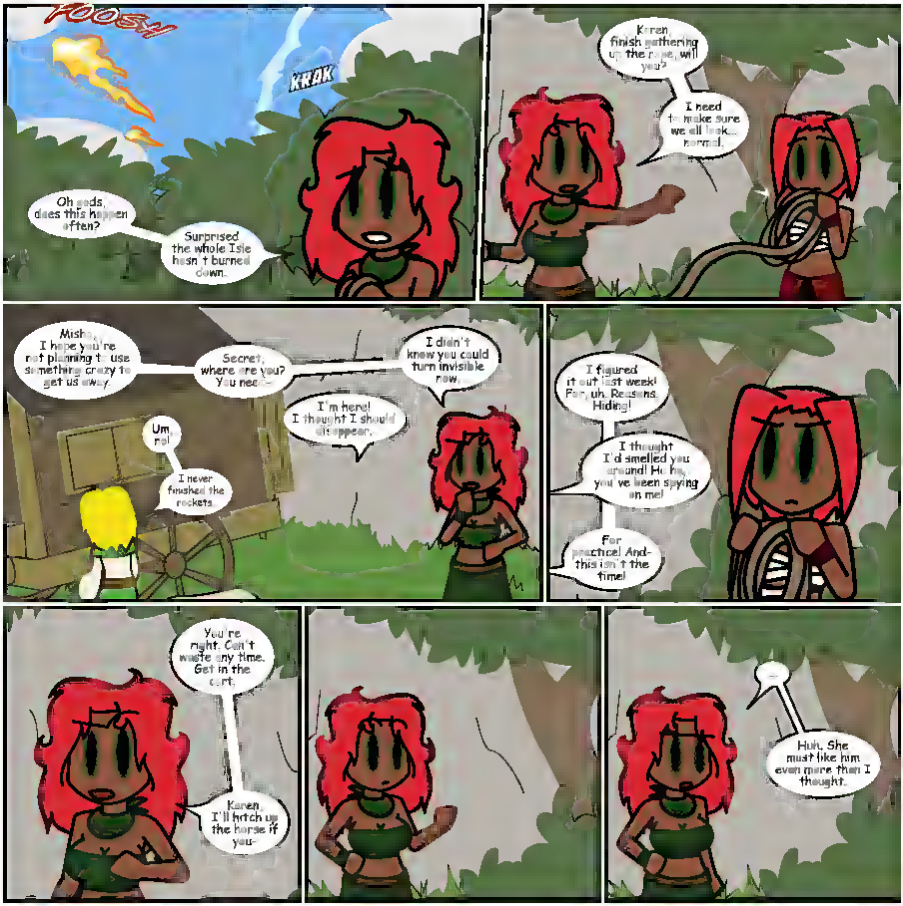
by Padraig O Ruanai

Keychain of Creation #353

by Padraig O Ruanai

Keychain of Creation #354

by Padraig O Ruanaí



TKANG
KNG
KRNN!
We have you on the defense, sifu.
You can't keep this up!!
You know it makes no sense to keep this up, Ten!
This is your last chance to give-
JUSTICE!!

Keychain of Creation #356

by Padraig O Ruanai

Keychain of Creation #357

by Padraig O Ruanai

Keychain of Creation #358

by Padraig O Ruanai

BY PADRAIG O RUANAI

Keychain of Creation #360

by Padraig O Ruanai

Keychain of Creation #361

by Padraig O Ruanai

Keychain of Creation #362

by Padraig O Ruanaí

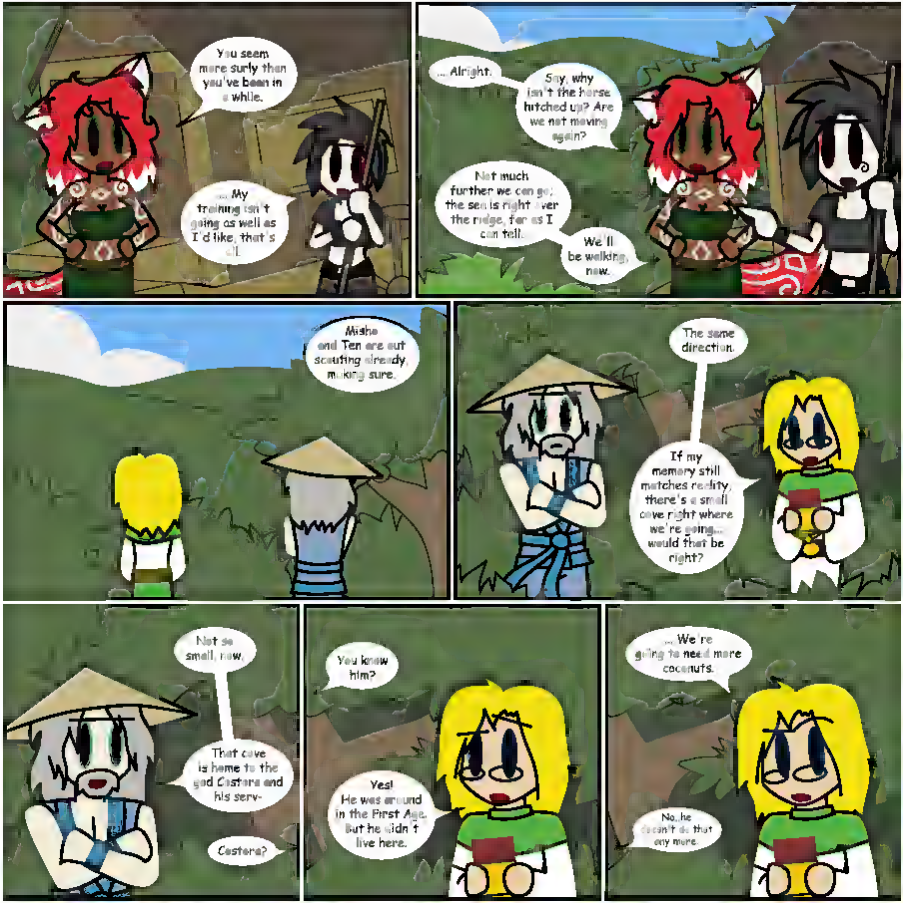
Gods aren't allowed wield the Keys, the most they can do is hold them for safety until one of the Exalted can be chosen.
The four of you are all elegible; if we make a formal call for a choice to be made, we'll have the protection of Heaven until it is!
Five days for other contestants to present themselves, and longer for whatever challenges are set by the gods.
Anyone who interferes will suffer the harshest curses of the Sun himself, for themselves and for whoever they represent.
It'll give us time, and a chance to do something with it- but only if we can reach whoever's holding the Key before we're caught!
... This sort of thing was a lot more exciting when I had a dragon to ride on.

Keychain of Creation #364

by Padraig O Ruanai

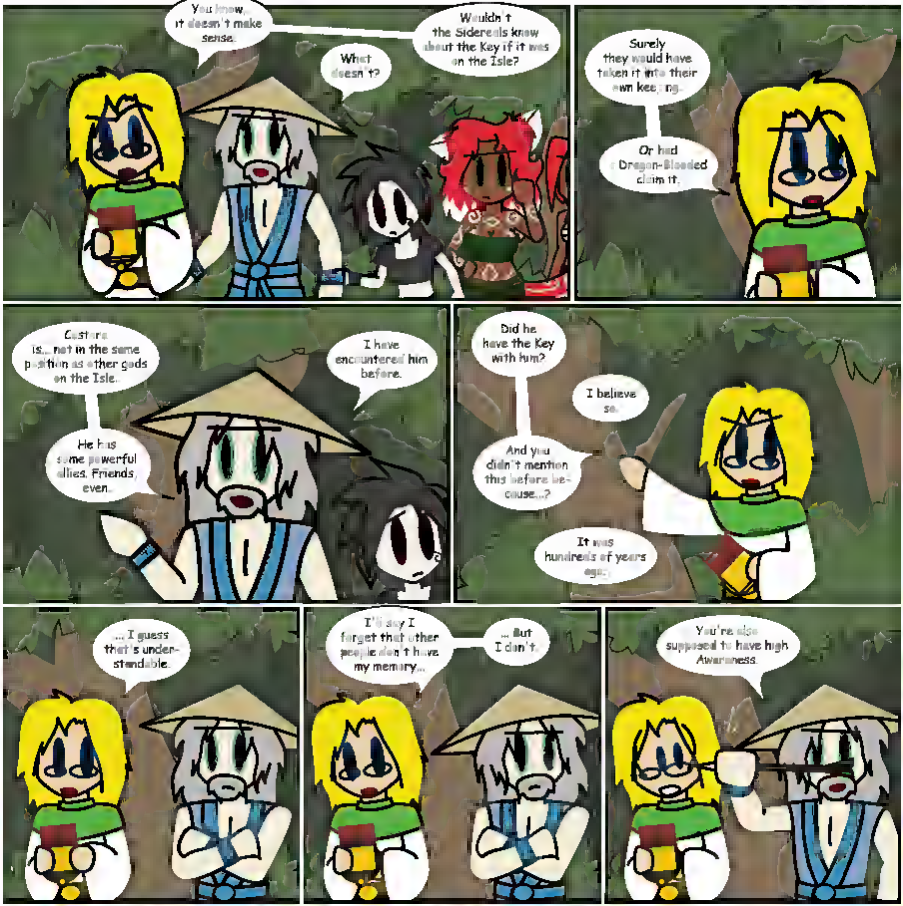
Keychain of Creation #365

by Padraig O Ruanai



Keychain of Creation #366

by Padraig O Ruanai



Keychain of Creation #367

by Padraig O Ruanai

Keychain of Creation #368

by Padraig O Ruanaí

Keychain of Creation #369

by Padraig O Ruanai

Keychain of Creation #370

by Padraig O Ruanai

Keychain of Creation #371

by Padraig O Ruanai

Keychain of Creation #372

by Padraig O Ruanai

Keychain of Creation #373

by Padraig O Ruanai

Keychain of Creation #374

by Padraig O Ruanai

Keychain of Creation #375

by Padraig O Ruanai

Keychain of Creation #376

by Padraig O Ruanai

Keychain of Creation #377

by Padraig O Ruanai

Keychain of Creation #378

by Padraig O Ruanai

Keychain of Creation #379

by Padraig O Ruanaj

Keychain of Creation #380

by Padraig O Ruanai

Keychain of Creation #381

by Padraig O Ruanai

... I declare now that one of the Keys of Creation lies in my grasp, and must find a better hand...
I can get them from here!

Nail!
Let it be proclaimed to all the Exalted warriors of the world, to all who hold these Keys, and to the lawkeepers of the gods...

The contest for this Key...
...Must now be made open.

Let all the Chosen of the Gods come who wish to serve...
And let none interfere with those who would compete to take this duty, lest the harshest curses of Fate plague them to their grave...

... Along with any agency on whose behalf they act.
The Eyes of Heaven are upon us.

I think the messenger gods are still upset with you.
They can't fight. They don't even get perfect attacks!
What are they going to d-
PAUNCH!
Perfect delivery
I'll leave it on your desk